

In Memoriam

ADDRESSES DELIVERED
AT THE UNVEILING OF
A MONUMENT TO THE
MEMORY OF

Edward Bagby

AT BRUINGTON CHURCH
KING & QUEEN COUNTY, VA.

BY

HON. HENRY R. POLLARD

AND OTHERS

AUGUST 8, 1912

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Everett Waddey Company
Richmond, Va.

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Foreword

In bringing together these addresses for publication, it is hoped that their perusal by those not present may serve to extend the impression made at the time of their delivery, and that their possession by those who heard them may deepen their influence upon the memory.

This gathering at Bruington marked an interesting epoch in the life of a unique and cultured community. It was the third assemblage of somewhat similar character that had been held at that place. The first—just after the close of the War—is touchingly referred to by Mr. Pollard in his address; the second was the “Reunion of Company K,” in the summer of 1886. It was at first intended that these exercises should be held on July 30th, the anniversary of the battle of the Crater and of the death of Edward Bagby, whose consecration to duty and courage in conflict on that eventful day furnished the chief motive for so rare an assembly. Unavoidable circumstances deferred the appointed time till August 8th, a day which all who were present will remember with abiding interest.

It may be asked, why, after forty-eight years, should recognition be made of one who, at the age of twenty-

two, gave his life upon the field of battle for a lost cause. The reply is that there is a cause that is never lost; and that is, where character is consecrated to unselfish service; where a high soul lays down his life on the altar of duty. It was felt that the career of Edward Bagby was one that should inspire the youth of Virginia and of the land to high ideals, and should serve to indite upon men's hearts afresh the fact that

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

EDWARD B. POLLARD.

Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Pa.

Memorial Ceremonies

About one thousand people gathered at the Bruington meeting house. At the morning hour a sermon had been preached, under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Society of the church, by Rev. Professor Edward Bagby Pollard, nephew and namesake of him in whose honor the memorial services had been appointed. After recess and a bountiful dinner, the people reassembled. Mr. Albert G. Gresham, of the local committee (which consisted of A. G. Gresham, Wm. F. Bagby and C. B. Jones), called the meeting to order. The assembly arose as about thirty veterans of the Civil War filed in and were given seats of honor. After prayer by Rev. Mr. Jones, pastor of Bruington Church, Mr. Gresham spoke as follows:

Introduction of Presiding Officer by Mr. Alfred G. Gresham

King and Queen people are proud of the old county and grateful for the record she has made in peace and in war. Statistics show our criminal expenses are less and a larger percentage of our population evangelized than in any county in Virginia.

When the finger of disparagement is pointed at us,

and we are asked on account of our poverty what we raise besides broomsedge and pine bushes, we point with pride to her sons and her daughters.

We meet this afternoon to honor the memory of one of her noble sons. It is my privilege to introduce to you another, Mr. Alfred Bagby, Jr., of Baltimore, as presiding officer of the day.

Address of Mr. Alfred Bagby, Jr.

Mr. Bagby: I think I can speak for all of those who, after some years of residence in other communities, have come home for this occasion, in saying that we are delighted to be in the old county again and to mingle once more with so many of our friends and relatives. For, after experience of the world in many other places, we have learned the practical truths that "old friends are the best," and that nowhere else are to be found in the same proportion as here those "kind hearts" which "are more than coronets," and that "simple faith" which is "more than Norman blood." We cling to nothing more fondly than to the hope that when we shall come to "cross over the river" it may be found that our lives rang true to the best sentiments and traditions of King and Queen.

The Committee has asked me to say something in explanation of the movement for the erection of the monument which has drawn us together today.

It has been eloquently said that "a land without memory is a land without hope," and if this applies to countries, it must apply to families as well. For a number of years it has been felt by those who knew the life and character of the man whose memory we meet to honor, that it should be memorialized, and about a year ago the thought took hold of some of us that it would be not only a privilege, but a pious duty as well, that the Bagby family express in some concrete and visible form the respect and admiration for what he was and what he did. This led to the careful planning and systematic effort, extending over about one year, which made this occasion possible.

Every life which is well and nobly lived ought to be adequately recognized by some fitting memorial. That this be done is not only in itself right, but operates as an incentive to others.

Many of you know that Edward Bagby was killed at Petersburg the day the Crater mine was sprung. It was a time which tried men's souls, and the man who was brave that day was truly a brave man. Following the explosion a determined attempt was made to break through the Confederate lines. A battery of artillery had been run out into an exposed position in a field, and when no gunners were left to man it, Edward Bagby volunteered to work one of the guns and lost his life in the successful effort to repel the attack.

The movement to memorialize his heroism and his

character brought our attention also to the fact that no adequate tangible recognition has ever been made of Edward Bagby's father, John Bagby, and of the latter's two wives, Elizabeth Courtney and Elizabeth Lumpkin, and that this could be appropriately done through an inscription on the reverse side of the same monument.

The erection of this monument is not due to family sentiment alone. These men and women deserved to be honored because of their characters and deeds. John Bagby was a "Christian merchant, a patriotic citizen, a friend of education." His enterprise is shown by the facts that he maintained vessels in trade between the Mattaponi river and the West Indies, and that he was accustomed to drive all over this and adjoining counties buying up grain in anticipation of rises in the market. Having little education except what he acquired in the school of experience, he gave liberal educations to all of his five sons, and the best attainable to his daughters. When the great war, which shook this country as in a continuous convulsion for four years, came, he gave his youngest and probably best loved son to his country, and he poured his means into her treasury. After his decease more than \$130,000.00 of Confederate bonds were found in his secretary. Both of his wives were noble women.

Although but twenty-two years old when the final scene came, Edward Bagby appears to have already developed into one of nature's noblemen. He was not

only a steadfast, courageous, enterprising and efficient soldier, but a man of gentlemanly instincts, discretion and self-control. On October 10, 1911, Mr. James E. Byrd, a successful business man of Baltimore, who saw much of him during the war, wrote, "I take pleasure in sending you my check, my contribution towards the memorial to Edward Bagby. Edward Bagby was always kind and considerate to me, a friendless stranger, while I was with the King and Queen Company, and even after a lapse of forty-eight years I have not forgotten it, and the impression he made on a somewhat thoughtless and impulsive youth, that he was a high-toned gentleman in every respect." In personal conversation, Mr. Byrd said to me about the same time, "I knew all of the war-time Bagbys, and Edward was the best of them all."

Rev. Dr. Richard B. Cook, of Wilmington, Del., who was his classmate at Columbian College, told me recently of an incident which has not been effaced from memory by all of the intervening years. He said that near the beginning of the war the college was under grave suspicion by the Federal authorities while Washington City was swarming with Federal troops. Under these circumstances some of the students formed a plan to raise a Confederate flag on the top of the college building. Edward Bagby, though ardent in his Southern sympathies, remonstrated with them, pointing out the folly of such an act and the probable serious destruction of property which would

follow and the possible loss of life. However, the flag was raised and then young Bagby went to President Sampson, informed him of the situation, and went with him when he removed the flag. Anyone who knows conditions of college life can appreciate what that act meant. Dr. Cook tells me also that there was a struggling mission Sunday School in Washington and that one after another of those who had been asked to be the superintendent had declined, until Edward Bagby undertook the task and remained at his post until he heard and heeded his country's call to arms.

And just as he was faithful to that Sunday School to the end, so he was steadfast in the army—even unto death. In a letter written to his sister July 9, 1864, three weeks before his death, he says, "It is really a luxury to enjoy a good shade, good water, or even a sprinkling rain. What would I give for a few hours of quietude and rest? I have not missed a day's duty since I have been with the regiment. I have kept up under weakness, etc., but am feeling well today. How very thankful I ought to be. Although I get no thanks for performing duty now, freedom hereafter will be more than ample reward."

We wish to extend the most cordial welcome to every one of the comrades of Edward Bagby in the Confederate Army who are present today. These men deserve our sincere admiration and respect. They gave

some of the very best years of their lives to the Confederate cause; and they "fought a good fight."

We shall now listen to the main address of the afternoon to be made by Hon. Henry R. Pollard, of Richmond, who will never need an introduction to a King and Queen audience.

Address of Hon. Henry R. Pollard

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I greet you all as lovers, friends and countrymen of Edward Bagby, whose memory we are here assembled to honor and perpetuate. Nearly a half century has elapsed since he offered up his young life upon the altar of his country, but for once old Time is to be vanquished and his hand stayed from effacing the sweet memories of the beautiful life and character of a noble young man.

To interpret the life and rightly estimate the character of the dead, we must know the habits and ideals of the generation to which he belonged.

The two decades immediately preceding the Civil War were the most happy and prosperous years that the people of this, my native county, had ever seen.

Educational advantages equal to any in the Commonwealth were enjoyed by our people. Following in the lead of Donald Robertson's Academy, located near Newtown, at which President James Madison received his early training, male academies of high grade were maintained and liberally patronized. At Fleetwood, at Stevensville, and at Centerville, the youths of the county were prepared for professional pursuits and for the prosecution of advanced studies

in colleges and universities; while several high grade schools afforded equal advantages to young women, one of which was "Croton Female College," a chartered institution, located near Mattaponi Church, and presided over by that highly cultured woman, Maria L. C. Lewis, the wife of Dr. Zachary Iverson Lewis, and a sister of Judge John B. Clopton, one of the ablest jurists of his day.

Agricultural pursuits, the chief, if not the only industry of the people, afforded a liberal support for the land owners. During the last of these decades the price of grain was so advanced by foreign demand, largely caused by the Crimean War, and the production of wheat so increased by the introduction and use of Peruvian guano, that farming became profitable. At convenient centres, large and well stocked mercantile establishments were maintained by trained, accomplished and accommodating merchants, some of whom operated their own sailing vessels, by which they shipped grain purchased of the producers, and on return ships brought large stocks of merchandise from Baltimore and New York.

Two semi-weekly lines of steamers navigated the Mattaponi River; one, the steamer "Monmouth," plied between King and Queen Court House and Baltimore, and the other, the "Sea Bird," between Walkerton and Norfolk. Two semi-weekly lines of real stage coaches, each drawn by four spirited horses, connected the central and upper half of the county

with Richmond, while the lower end of the county had access to that city by the York River Railroad, then but recently completed.

I think it may safely be said that in no county of the State were moral standards higher or religious influences more pervading. Born and reared under such benign influences, the sons of this old county adored the land of their nativity. Of her they would lovingly say:

"There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o'er every land beside;
There is a spot on earth supremely blessed,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

Into one of the most favored homes of the county during that period, Edward Bagby was born, on the 26th day of January, 1842. His father, John Bagby, a veteran of the war of 1812, was the great grandson of Thomas Bagby, the immigrant, who settled at Jamestown in 1628, and ancestor of many distinguished men of his name, among them United States Senator from and Governor of Alabama, and Confederate General Bagby of Texas. Edward was the youngest but one of a family of twelve children.

John Bagby was twice married. Of his first marriage with Elizabeth Courtney, a daughter of Capt. Robt. Courtney, a veteran of the war of 1812, there were the following children: Emeline, who married Benj. P. Cook; Richard Hugh, an able and honored Baptist minister; Priscilla, who married Joseph Ry-

land; Alfred, who was graduated from Princeton and became a distinguished Baptist minister and historian of his county; John Robert, the colonel of the King and Queen militia, who attained the rank of major in the Confederate Army; Hannah Elizabeth, who married John N. Gresham; Martha Hill, who married Benoni Carlton; Mary Ellen, who married Albert Gresham, and George Franklin, a graduate of Columbian College and a distinguished Baptist minister; and of his last marriage with Mrs. Elizabeth Motley, a widow, who before her marriage was Elizabeth Lumpkin, in her early days noted for her beauty and in mature womanhood and old age dignified and queenly in her bearing, there were three children, Virginia, who married the Rev. John Pollard, D. D., Edward and Susan Etta.

Edward early gave evidence of superior qualities of head and heart, which added to the incident of his being the son of the old age of his parents, made him to them a veritable Joseph, while he endeared himself to others by a personality which I have never seen excelled for its individuality; exemplified in manliness without pomposity, meekness without servility, courage without recklessness, firmness without obstinacy.

It goes without saying that one possessing such qualities was popular among his school fellows. While he loved his studies, he no less loved the athletic sports of the day. In the two principal games, "Chermany"

and "Bandy," he was among the first to be chosen for "his side." How I, then one of the small boys, envied the ease with which he knocked the ball from the home base "over the Oaks," or, when playing with the "outs," caught out an "in."

When Edward first entered Stevensville Academy, Wm. J. Berryman was its principal, but he soon gave place to Rev. Robert Williamson, an accomplished scholar, though not possessed with that degree of poise so essential to a teacher.

When your speaker still later entered the Academy as a schoolmate of him whom we honor today, that prince among teachers, Josiah Ryland, was principal. There was then a tradition concerning Edward's early experience with his teacher, Mr. Williamson, which points a moral. It was told thus: All but two of a class had in their recitation shown themselves unprepared, and the teacher, according to a practice of the times (now more honored by its breach, than in its observance), proceeded at the foot of the class, where the worst prepared were always found, to apply the rod, and continued on towards the head of the class, and when he finally reached Edward, who stood first and who had made a perfect recitation, he met a modest but firm protest against what the pupil considered an injustice; but the teacher heeded it not, dryly remarking to the young man that if he did not then need it, he would need it!

With the coming of Josiah Ryland, Rev. Alfred

Bagby and Josiah Ryland, Jr. (Pat Ryland), all highly cultured men, the school completely fulfilled its mission.

Among Edward Bagby's schoolmates of that day, who became prominent, were Dr. John Bagby (son of Rev. Richard Hugh Bagby, D. D.), who died in the State of Arkansas about ten years ago, greatly lamented by the community in which he was the beloved physician; James Pollard, a prominent lawyer of the Baltimore bar; Thos. N. Walker, a leading lumber merchant in his day; Dr. Philip Gresham, of Texas; Hon. Walter Gresham, a member of Congress from the Galveston District, Texas; and Rev. John W. Hundley, D. D., a minister of the gospel, now of Maryland, all of whom, but Walter Gresham and John W. Hundley, have passed over the river. To show how his schoolmates regard him, I beg to quote from a recent communication from the last named: "Ned Bagby was always my ideal of all that belonged to, or could be attained by, distinguished young manhood." This brief but beautiful testimony of Edward's schoolmate recalls Mr. Gladstone's tribute to his school friend, Arthur Hallam: "Arthur Hallam's life at Eton was certainly a very happy life. He enjoyed work, he enjoyed study, and games, which he did not enjoy, he left aside. His temper was as sweet as his manners were winning; his conduct was without a spot or even a speck. He had no high, ungenial or exclusive airs, but heartily enjoyed and habitually con-

formed to the republican equality long and happily established in the life of our English public school."

Completing his studies at Stevensville Academy, in the summer of 1859, Edward entered Columbian College, D. C., in the Sophomore Class in the fall of that year and there maintained the same characteristics of gentlemanly bearing and scholarly attainments, as the records of that institution (kindly furnished me) will show, until the Spring of 1861, when the young collegian left those classic halls where he had opportunity to hear for months, as occasion offered, the great sectional debates in Congress. He came like the South's great Chieftain to his native State and to the people of his blood, "with as chaste a heart as ever plighted its faith until death, for better or for worse, to do, to suffer and to die for us, who today are gathered in awful reverence and in sorrow unspeakable to weep our blessing upon his tomb."

He promptly volunteered as a member of the "King and Queen Artillery Company" and was soon mustered into the Confederate service, where he served continuously to the day of his death, July 30, 1864, without a day's absence on account of sickness, as he states in a letter addressed to his sister, Sue, under date of July 9, 1864.

I can never forget the excitement and anxiety which prevailed during the weeks just preceding the departure of that company to the front. From every home a father, a son, a brother, and, in some cases,

more than one of these, was preparing to go; nor can I forget the unfaltering courage of mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts, who, like the Grecian matrons, submerged the grief and anxiety of the hour in the activities necessary to change a citizen into a soldier. These with one accord, without the help of the sewing machine (then not introduced) with cheerful industry plied their scissors and needles to make uniforms for their loved ones. Churches, schoolhouses and private homes were converted into tailor shops. The day of the departure finally came and the whole community gathered to take part in appropriate farewell exercises of a religious and social nature. With that Company of nearly a hundred men there went away the flower of a rural community, which was not surpassed in Virginia for its industry, intelligence and morality. I saw them as they marched away from Stevensville in May, 1861, the admiration of every beholder.

Four years after, in the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox, I saw the remnant of this same splendid company. These years of hardship in camp, in the trenches, on the march and on the battlefield had so decimated their ranks that less than twenty-five were in line, who, wearily and drearily, without the inspiring strains of martial music, but with the shadow of defeat rapidly deepening around their despairing hearts, fought their way from Petersburg to Appomattox. Their personal appearance was so changed as

that they were not to be easily recognized by their most intimate friends. And, may I say parenthetically, that this picture is only a pale reflection of what the scourge of war means. From it we may learn the truth of Victor Hugo's saying: "The sword is but a hideous flash in the darkness."

It would be tedious to trace the monotonous life of the young soldier at Gloucester Point from May, 1861, to April, 1862; to tell of the forced march of his command from Gloucester to the lines around Richmond; of the fearfully bloody battle of Seven Pines, where the company received its first awful baptism of fire; of the long and monotonous camp life at Chaffin's Farm, where the Company was assigned to duty as Company "K," 34th Virginia Infantry; of his participation in the South Carolina campaign of 1863-4; of his return to Virginia in the Spring of 1864 and the active co-operation of his Regiment in the Bermuda Hundred campaign, of which General Grant, in disgust, describing the ignominious defeat of General Butler, commander of the Army of the James, said: "He failed to shut the back door to Richmond and succeeded in having his army bottled up at Bermuda." Suffice it to be said that during all these years the young soldier bore himself with dignity, with courage and with honor. Though a private, and of youthful appearance, he so attracted the attention of his officers that he was detailed for special service as Aide-de-

Camp to General Henry A. Wise, the commander of his brigade.

The history of General Grant's campaign "by the left flank from the Rappahannock to the defenses around Petersburg" is too familiar to need any description. The best equipped army ever marshaled on American soil crossed the Rappahannock on May 3, 1864, with a total roll of 141,160 men fit for duty in the field. To meet this vast force Lee could muster barely more than 50,000 men. In the *Southern Historical Papers*, Vol. VI, p. 144, there appears the following statement: "Grant says he lost in the campaign from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor 39,000, but Swinton puts his loss as 60,000, and a careful examination of the figures will show his real loss was nearer 100,000 men."

From Cold Harbor (where his men stubbornly refused to go like dumb animals into the jaws of death) to the battle of the Crater, General Grant in his official reports shows a loss of 29,436 men, making a total loss, as admitted, of 68,436, just about one-half of the vast army which commenced the campaign. Such tremendous losses to the enemy meant of necessity irreparable losses to our army, even though General Lee had repelled practically every assault, and succeeded in carrying a large majority of the aggressive movements made by him.

In the light of such experiences, it was not surprising that General Grant sought some other and differ-

ent means of assault than those ordinarily employed; so with the greatest care it was planned, as an important adjunct to another general, and he believed, final assault upon the defenses of Petersburg, that a mine under our works should be excavated and sprung at the commencement of the attack. The excavation was commenced on June 25th and completed on July 28th. The main gallery of the mine was 522 feet in length and the size of the galleries was 40 feet each. (Series I, Vol. II, Part I, War of Rebellion, pp. 136-7, 556-63).

On July 29th General Grant issued an order that this general assault should be made on the next day, leaving all of the details, including the springing of the mine, to Major-General Meade, and he on the same day issued "Instructions for the guidance of all concerned." Among these was the following:

"8. At 3:30 in the morning of the 30th Major-General Burnside will spring his mine, and his assaulting columns will immediately move rapidly upon the breach, seize the crest in the rear, and effect a lodgement there. * * * Upon the explosion of the mine the artillery of all kinds in battery will open upon those points of the enemy's works whose fire covers the ground over which our columns must move." (Idem, p. 136.)

According to the report of the Court of Inquiry ordered by General Grant to determine the cause of the "miserable failure of Saturday," the mine was not

exploded until 4:45, just one hour and fifteen minutes after the appointed hour. In the report of Colonel Pleasants, of the 48th Pennsylvania Infantry, who planned the mine and superintended its construction and witnessed the explosion and its effect upon our lines, it is said:

“I stood on top of our breast-works and witnessed the effect of the explosion on the enemy. It so completely paralyzed them that the breach was practically 400 or 500 yards in breadth. The rebels in the forts, both on the right and left of the explosion, left their works, and for over an hour not a shot was fired by their artillery. There was no fire from infantry from the front for at least half an hour; none from the left for twenty minutes, and but few shots from the right.”

General Grant on the day of the explosion and after he had learned of its failure, but before he was aware of how disastrous the failure was, thus reported to General Halleck, Chief of Staff:

“Having a mine prepared running for a distance of eighty feet along the enemy’s parapet, and about twenty-two feet below the surface of the ground, ready loaded, and covered ways made near to his line, I was strongly in hopes, by this means of opening the way, the assault would prove successful. The mine was sprung a few minutes before five o’clock this morning, throwing up four guns of the enemy and burying most of a South Carolina Regiment. Our men immediately took possession of the crater made by the explosion, and a considerable distance of the parapet

to the right of it, as well as a short work in front, and still hold them. The effort to carry the ridge beyond, and which would give us Petersburg and the south bank of the Appomattox, failed."

And on the next day he reported:

"City Point, Va., August 1, 1864.

"The loss in the disaster of Saturday last foots up about 3,500, of whom 450 men were killed and 2,000 wounded. It was the saddest affair I have witnessed in the war. Such opportunity for carrying fortifications I have never seen and do not expect again to have. The enemy with a line of works five miles long had been reduced by our previous movements to the north side of James River to a force of only three divisions. This line was undermined and blown up, carrying a battery and most of a regiment with it. The enemy were taken completely by surprise and did not recover from it for more than an hour. The crater and several hundred yards of the enemy's line to the right and left of it and a short detached line in front of the crater were occupied by our troops without opposition. * * * It was three hours from the time our troops first occupied their works before the enemy took possession of this crest."

And to show the chagrin of the General at the result of the general assault which had been so carefully planned in all of its details, I quote from a dispatch sent General Meade on the same day:

"City Point, Va., 9:30 A. M., August 1, 1864.

(Received 11:40 A. M.)

"Major General Meade:

"Have you any estimate of our losses in the miserable failure of Saturday? I think there will have to be an investigation of the matter. So fair an opportunity will probably never occur again for carrying fortifications. Preparations were good, orders ample, and everything, so far as I could see, subsequent to the explosion of the mine, shows that almost without loss the crest beyond the mine could have been carried. This would have given us Petersburg with all its artillery and a large part of the garrison beyond doubt. An intercepted dispatch states that the enemy recaptured their line with General Bartlett and staff, 75 commissioned officers and 900 rank and file, and recaptured 500 of their men."

Percy Greg, the distinguished historian, says concerning the situation before and after the battle of the Crater:

"This severe check seems to have cured Grant of his taste for 'pounding,' 'pegging away,' or 'fighting it out on a line,' where he was sure to find the enemy strongly posted across his front, sure, moreover, to gain nothing that could not be more easily gained without serious fighting. During the autumn the Army of the Potomac fought with the spade rather than with the rifle. Its operations were slow, uninteresting, inglorious, but all the more critical and decisive."

I now invite your attention to the happening of these thrilling events as seen from the Confederate side.

General Lee, with his characteristic truthfulness and conservatism, makes this brief report of the happenings of the day:

“Dunn’s Hill, July 30, 1864, 3:25 P. M.

“At 5 A. M. the enemy sprung a mine under one of the salients on General B. R. Johnson’s front and opened his batteries upon our lines and the city of Petersburg. In the confusion caused by the explosion of the mine, he got possession of the salient. We have re-taken the salient and driven the enemy back to his lines with loss.

“(Signed) R. E. Lee.

“Hon. James A. Seddon,
“Secretary of War.”

General Johnson’s report will be found in the volume of the “War of the Rebellion” heretofore referred to on pages 787-793.

From this report I beg to quote as follows:

“About 4:55 o’clock on the morning of the 30th of July the enemy sprung a large mine under that portion of my line about 200 yards north of the Baxter Road, known as Pegram’s salient. In this salient there were four guns of Captain Pegram’s battery, and the Eighteenth and Twenty-second South Carolina Regiments, of Elliott’s Brigade, occupied the parapets in the battery and adjacent to it. The Twenty-second South Carolina Regiment extended from a point some seventy yards to the right of the right gun to a point

beyond, but near to the left gun of the battery. The Eighteenth was posted on the left of the Twenty-second South Carolina Regiment. The Regiments of Elliott's brigade were distributed along the parapet from left to right as follows, viz.: The Twenty-sixth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-second and Twenty-third South Carolina Regiments. To strengthen Pegram's salient a second line or trench cavalier had been thrown up in its rear, commanding our front line and the enemy's works at a distance of from 150 to 200 yards. Owing to the extension of our line, already explained, our troops occupied only the front line of our works. The mine, as has been since ascertained, was laid along two wings, extending to the right and left of the main gallery, nearly parallel to the interior crest of our work and beneath the foot of the slope of the banquette, or perhaps farther back, and completely destroyed a portion of the front or main line of our fortification and the right of the trench cavalier. The crater measures 135 feet in length, 97 feet in breadth and 30 feet deep.

* * * * *

"The astonishing effect of the explosion, bursting like a volcano at the feet of the men, and the upheaving of an immense column of more than 100,000 cubic feet of earth to fall around in heavy masses, wounding, crushing, or burying everything within its reach, prevented our men from moving promptly to the mouth of the crater, and occupying that part of the trench cavalier which was not destroyed, and over which the debris was scattered. Each brigade of this division had, however, been previously instructed as to the course to be pursued and the stubborn resis-

tance to be offered on each flank in case a breach was made in our lines, and the troops of Elliott's brigade not blown up or injured, maintained their ground with remarkable steadiness. When the torrents of dust had subsided, the enemy was found in the breach.

* * * * *

"One gun of Davidson's battery, commanded by Lieutenant Otey, occupying a position on our main line on the right of the Baxter road—admirably adapted to throw canister-shot into the enemy's left flank, and with Wright's battery to sweep the ground in front of the breach with a destructive cross-fire—opened with a few rounds, and for some reason, not explained to me, became silent and was deserted by the officers and men. This battery was connected with my command on the night of the 28th of July by the extension of my line to the right, and did not comprise a part of the artillery properly serving with this division. The battery was, however, subsequently manned and officered by Wise's brigade, under instructions from Colonel Goode, and did excellent service.

* * * * *

"Colonel Goode, commanding Wise's brigade, caused the 59th Virginia Regiment, under Captain Wood, to be formed in a ditch running perpendicular to the rear of the main work, and when the enemy attempted some five times to form in rear of the breach for the purpose of charging to the right, and after they had planted four colors on the line, by which the movement designated was to be made, this regiment under Captain Wood and the Twenty-sixth Virginia Regiment under Captain N. B. Street, with

the Twenty-second and Twenty-third South Carolina regiments and two guns of ————— battery near the junction of the Baxter and Jerusalem plank roads, opened with a fire that drove them precipitately back to the crater. In this way the conflict was maintained from 5 till nearly 10 A. M. with coolness and steadiness by determined men and officers on both flanks of the breach, and with a success worthy of much praise and with great damage to the enemy.

* * * * *

“The Sixty-first North Carolina Regiment of Hoke’s division, sent to re-inforce the troops engaged at the breach, arrived at the same time with Mahone’s Division and proceeded to form in the ravine in the rear of Pegram’s Salient for the purpose of charging the enemy in the breach. General Mahone had placed one brigade in position, and was waiting for the second to come up, when the enemy advanced upon his line of battle. He met their advance by a charge, in which the Twenty-fifth and Forty-ninth North Carolina, and the Twenty-sixth and part of the Seventeenth South Carolina Regiments, all under Colonel Smith, of Elliott’s brigade, gallantly joined, moving upon the left of General Mahone’s line. The enemy was driven from three-quarters of the trench cavalier and most of the works on the left of the crater, with moderate loss to our forces and heavy losses to the enemy, especially in prisoners. During this charge a large number of the enemy’s troops, black and white, abandoned the breach and fled precipitately to their rear. Upon this fleeing mass, in full view from our works on the right of the Baxter road, the left regiments of Wise’s brigade poured a raking fire at the

distance of from 150 to 500 yards, while the left gun of Davidson's battery (which Colonel Goode had manned with a company of the Thirty-fourth Virginia Regiment, under Captain Samuel D. Preston) discharged upon them several rounds of canister."

It is proper here to state that Captain Preston was wounded, and Edward Bagby, aide-de-camp to Colonel Goode, commanding brigade, was killed while serving this gun, and that Captain A. F. Bagby, with Company K, Thirty-fourth Virginia Regiment, then took charge of it and served it with fine effect until near the close of the action.

It is a matter of which we may be justly proud that this report makes complimentary mention of two gallant sons of King and Queen, in addition to what is said concerning him whom we honor today.

But coming still nearer to the young soldier's conduct on that fateful day, we have the testimony of Colonel J. Thomas Goode, the distinguished and gallant Colonel of the Thirty-fourth Virginia, who commanded Wise's brigade during the engagement, and who, to the delight of his old soldiers, still survives and is present today. In letter dated July 26, 1912, to your speaker, he says:

"Your favor of the 23d was received by the last mail. I am greatly pleased to know that my most highly esteemed friend and comrade is to have a monument erected to his memory. If there ever was a man and soldier who deserved the honor, it was Ed-

ward Bagby. Am sorry I can't send you a copy of my report of the Crater fight. My full report was made to Major-General Bushrod Johnson and should have been forwarded to General Beauregard, but I think it never was. It was from my report that General Johnson learned all he knew about my Aide, Edward Bagby.

* * * * *

"On the morning of the 30th of July, about 4:30 o'clock, we were aroused from sleep by a most awful explosion. When we arose the earth trembled like a bowl of jelly so that we could scarcely keep our feet. The scene we beheld was awful. Men's bodies and limbs, cannon, gun, carriages, etc., high in the air. Realizing at once that the enemy's purpose was to pass his troops through the breach and rush on Petersburg, I withdrew the Fifty-ninth Regiment of my command, Captain Henry Wood commanding, and placed it in a covered way or ditch running perpendicular to the line of works with orders to cut down any of the enemy attempting to form in rear of crater. This regiment checked repeated attempts. In a few minutes after the explosion one of my officers reported to me that a battery in our lines had been deserted by the artillerists and that there were not men to work the guns. I immediately withdrew Preston's company, "C," Thirty-fourth Virginia Infantry, trained artillerists, from its place in line and put it in charge of the battery. I left Edward Bagby, my Aide, with the battery with orders to report to me if anything went wrong. And I went to the Twenty-sixth Regiment on the extreme left next to the Crater, where I was sure the most strenuous effort would be made to drive us

out, and widen the breach so as to rush in their whole force, which they estimated at about sixty thousand.

* * * * *

"About nine o'clock in the morning my Orderly came and reported to me that Edward Bagby had been killed, Captain Preston mortally wounded, and the company terribly cut to pieces. I hurried back to the company and found it as reported. I then had it relieved by Captain Bagby's company, "K," which fought with great gallantry and dire loss to the enemy."

Now let some of his comrades speak. Samuel P. Ryland, Jr., the nearest and dearest friend of my boyhood and through whom your speaker heard of Edward's end, says:

"The explosion at the Crater took place about sunrise one morning when all nature seemed to have been at peace, and when not a gun was being fired from either side. I remember the occasion perfectly. I was pouring water from a canteen into the hands of Colonel Goode, who was washing his face (not two hundred yards distant from the Crater), and saw the men, and cannon, and debris of all kinds which was blown up into the air apparently from thirty to forty feet. I remember distinctly one eight-inch gun was almost thrown over to the enemy's lines, a distance of some fifty or seventy-five yards.

"After this explosion took place, the Federal troops opened a broadside into our breastworks from one end of the line to the other. This line was several miles long and extended almost from the Weldon

Railroad to the river. You can imagine the frightful confusion, brought on by the incessant firing, which lasted pretty much all day, and a great many of our men were wounded and killed.

"As I remember, several hours after the explosion, I was passing up the line near the position occupied by the Otey Battery. (It seems that the men in this battery had been driven off, and there was no one using their guns at the time.) When I passed I saw Edward Bagby working one of these guns, and he called to me to come to his help. I think there were four guns in this battery, and my recollection is that we loaded one of these guns and fired it, until finally Ned Bagby was shot in the head with a minie-ball from the enemy and was instantly killed. I remember distinctly that I left the position and went back to Colonel Goode and reported that Ned Bagby had been killed while firing one of these guns into the Crater. My attention was called at the time to his coolness and bravery in firing this gun. There never was a braver man in the war than he. After this incident my recollection is that Company 'C' of our Regiment took charge of the battery, when many of their men were wounded and killed. Afterwards this company was withdrawn from the battery, and Company "K" (my old company) was put in charge and remained in charge the rest of that day. They did brave and gallant fighting."

And here is the testimony of another admiring comrade, Tom Kelly:

"Ned had been detached from his company on special service, but on the morning of the Crater fight,

after the breach had been made by the explosion, and the Yankees had poured through in great numbers, our nearest battery was comparatively deserted, with but few to man the guns;" he said "just at this time Ned appeared on the scene, took in the situation quickly, volunteered his services and was aiming a gun when a shell from the enemy exploded nearby and a fragment tore away a part of his head, killing him instantly."

And will you excuse your speaker please for entering the sacred precincts of two responsive hearts, then as now, one in hope, one in happiness and one in sorrow? Writing from camp on August 6, 1864, to Edward's niece, the girl then of seventeen summers, to whom he had plighted his faith unto death, he said:

"I was delighted to receive your letter written the 28th ulto., but by the same mail that brought your letter, one came from Sam Ryland with the sad tidings that Ned Bagby—the noble and brave—was no more. It seems that our best and bravest men are taken—mysterious indeed are the ways of Providence. I know not where to begin to speak of the good qualities of such a boy as Ned. Oh! that I could be like him. Why should we grieve for him? He is now happy, where no war or bloodshed comes. Yes, he is happy with his God, whom he served faithfully. Precious indeed should our liberty be, purchased by the blood of men like Ned Bagby. Farewell, dear Ned. Your face may be seen no more, but long will you live in our hearts. Give my love to cousin Sue and tell her how much I sympathize with her. O cruel war! When will thy horrors cease?"

Thus in broken sentences were recorded the same experiences of a distressed and perturbed heart that Tennyson felt when he bade adieu to the friend of his youth:

“But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine, in undiscovered lands.”

This sketch of Edward's life and character would be incomplete were it not recorded that in all and before all he was a devoted and enthusiastic Christian. At the early age of twelve years he made a profession of faith in Christ as his Saviour and was baptized into the fellowship and became a member of Bruington Church. There his father, mother, brothers, sisters, all, were devoted and active members; and his brother, Dr. Richard Hugh Bagby, was the pastor—a striking and beautiful example, not uncommon, be it said, in this good old county of a large and influential family united in one hope, one faith, one baptism.

Victory perched on the banner of the Confederacy at the battle of the Crater, but it poorly recompensed the losses sustained. It is true of that victory as the Duke of Wellington said was true of England's triumph at the battle of Waterloo, “Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.”

As soon as the death of Edward was known, his brother, Dr. Richard Hugh Bagby, who was in Richmond, returning from Petersburg, where he had been

to visit and help with much needed provisions his son John and his two brothers, John Robert (Major Bagby, who was in a hospital at the time) and Edward, hastened back to Petersburg to get the body of his youngest and much beloved brother and carry it to the ancestral home. This sad mission he performed with all the faithfulness and tenderness that a loving brother could bestow.

The death of Edward saddened the whole community, but upon his stricken parents it fell most heavily, though they bore it bravely. I remember that it was written me that the aged mother, when she heard the sad news in all of its details, said to sympathizing friends: "Well, my boy, my only boy, is gone, but I had rather that it be so than that he had failed to do his duty." But another way of expressing the noble sentiment of Lee in his famous phrase: "There is a true glory and a true honor, the glory of duty done, the honor of integrity of principle."

A noble sentiment! In its last analysis it means unselfishness. That it is better to give than to receive. It is the Christly spirit. That he who would be greatest would be servant of all.

Monuments are but little use unless they teach lessons and point morals. To the foot of this monument I would have the sons and daughters of this dear old county come and reverently learn the lesson that Edward Bagby is honored because he placed duty above self, honor above ease, patriotism above

life. If it should seem to any of them a riddle, as it did to me, when I stood at Appomattox in the shadow of the appalling defeat of the cause of the South, that God should have permitted that cause to fail to which Edward devoted his life, let them learn that the issue of that conflict was decreed by the unerring wisdom of Him who directs the affairs of nations as well as men. For me, the riddle has long ago been solved. Observation has taught me that there are many experiences worse than death, and my faith has taught me to believe and feel that we have already come, and shall more abundantly come into a higher, nobler and better civilization than could ever have been developed by the perpetuation of human slavery.

A few months after the cause of the Confederacy was doomed, in this historic temple dedicated to God a great public meeting was held (known as the Young Men's Meeting) under the leadership of the three Bagbys (brothers of Edward), Broaddus, Baynum, Garlick, Diggs, Land and others, ministers of the gospel from this and adjoining counties. Rev. Jeremiah B. Jeter, D.D., of Richmond, the great orator and leader of public sentiment, was brought to be the chief speaker. As the basis of his great address, he took for his text the passage, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." It was the meeting of a great occasion, a great theme and a great man. The result was magical. Animosities were allayed, new hope was inspired, weakened faith was strengthened,

noble resolves were made. I do not remember what hymn was sung at the close of the sermon, but nothing would have been so appropriate as:

“The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears.”

And, in conclusion, may I hope that the influences of this occasion may yield only half of that? Since that eventful day in which I caught new hope, it has seemed to me

“I hear at times a sentinel,
Who moves about from place to place;
And whispers to the world of space,
In the deep night, that ‘all is well.’”

A male quartette rendered impressively, “We Shall Meet Beyond the River.”

The Chairman: In behalf of us all I wish to thank Mr. Pollard for the painstaking-care and the work which has enabled him to give us this interesting, informing and valuable address.

One of the most gratifying things connected with this occasion is the presence of Edward Bagby’s commander and close friend, Captain Alexander F. Bagby. He has prepared for us a paper, which, in view of his indisposition, will be read by his son, Rev. Edward B. Bagby, of Baltimore.

Address of Capt. Alex. F. Bagby

Mr. Chairman, Comrades and Friends:

Of the many thousands who wore the grey, without stars or bars, none is worthier than the one in whose honor we have met today—the brave and chivalrous Edward Bagby. It was my good fortune to know him all his life. Living on adjoining farms, attending the same school, we were closely allied as boys, and, without hesitation, I would say he possessed none of the common vices of boyhood. If he ever uttered an oath, used tobacco, or made a vulgar allusion, I cannot recall it. His entire life was remarkable for sobriety, chastity, intelligence, refinement and a high sense of honor, seldom manifested in a boy of his age. He had a keen sense of humor and was fond of games, but would never tolerate unfairness and would withdraw from any game that did not come up to that code of honor which he exacted from all. This was not done in a spirit of anger, but was as gentle as it was firm, and no one could mistake his regard for truth and right. His playmates looked to him for leadership and never seemed envious of his superior gifts. He was the most popular boy in school. None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise. His judgment seemed remarkable for a boy, and, as his constant companion, I never hesitated to call on him for advice, although he was my junior by about a year.

Will you pardon a personal allusion? When about twenty years old I became possessed with the idea that it was time I was looking for a girl to love and one to love me. We talked the matter over frequently much to my delight, and when I had made my choice he seemed to think well of it. After a few months I told him I had decided I was too young to embark in such a serious venture, and that I would start for Texas in a few weeks, but before going I would like to give my girl a ring with some appropriate motto, and wished him to suggest one. After much deliberation we decided as I was going so far away, not knowing when I would return, and the fickleness of girls as well as inconstancy of boys, that something pertaining to absence and its test would be appropriate, and that it would sound better if expressed in Latin, and so we made the inscription, "*Absentia testatur.*" Absence tested the faithfulness of the fair one and did not find her wanting; and when she stood at the altar as my bride, it was my friend and best man, Edward Bagby, who helped adjust the ring, and no one was happier in my happiness than he. I rejoice that the ring is in this house today, and so is the one who wore it, and for fifty years has been to me all that I hoped that day; and the sweet sunshine of her presence grows brighter as the day of life declines and we come together to the end of the journey.

Edward Bagby's business talents seemed to me exceptional. In the early days of the Confederacy a

young man who possessed several thousand dollars asked him his advice as to investing it. "Exchange it for gold," he advised. When in a short time gold went to fabulous prices the young man was sorry he had not acted upon his wise counsel. His success in little speculations and business enterprises won for him the title "lucky;" but those who knew him understood it was his good sense and industry, and prophesied for him a career of wide and distinguished usefulness.

Early in the spring of 1861 Edward left Columbian College at Washington, D. C., feeling confident that his native State would at no distant day need his services in defense of what he believed was her just rights. He soon connected himself with what was known as the King and Queen Artillery, a company organized by his brother, J. R. Bagby, and others. He went with this company to Gloucester Point and was not there long before his reputation for accuracy, intelligence and courtesy reached General J. Bankhead Magruder, under whom we were serving, and an order was issued to him to report on the Yorktown side for clerical duty. When Yorktown was evacuated, my impression is that he was attached to General Rhodes' staff as aide-de-camp and served with him for quite a time in his Maryland and other campaigns. However, when our ranks became greatly depleted, the detached men were ordered back to their respective companies, Edward's efficiency was so notable that

he was constantly alternating between some headquarters and his own company.

He was with General Rhodes at the battle of Seven Pines, but rejoined the company while we were around Charleston, S. C., and remained with us for some time. We were then serving as infantry in Wise's Brigade, Company K, Thirty-fourth Virginia Infantry. I well remember the first time I saw him under fire at one of the battles of Drewry's Bluff, near the Howlett House, and was impressed with his coolness and daring. He really seemed to enjoy a fight.

After this we were under almost constant fire day and night, and he always maintained the same fearless courage, no doubt prompted by a sense of duty. It was not long before another order came calling him to Brigade Headquarters as aide-de-camp to Colonel J. Thomas Goode, commanding Wise's brigade.

Much has been told and written about the Crater battle and as much more might be said and still the half not told. I shall not attempt a description of the horrors of that bloody conflict.

The effect of the explosion was demoralizing, but like true Southern soldiers, both men and officials were not long in rallying. We remembered the orders previously given in case the explosion should occur, to close in toward the breach which we expected to be made by the enemy. The position of the company at the time of the explosion was about five hundred yards distant from the Crater. In closing up to the breach,

our line was still more reduced and close to the enemy. The situation was grave, but a spirit of inspiration seemed to take possession of our men and with an air of confidence in their ability to cope with a greatly superior foe, our own forces, soon recovered from the shock, moved slowly but surely forward.

The old Twenty-sixth Virginia Infantry under Captain N. B. Street, with their usual courage and daring were with others in the covered ways running at right angles with our works watching every attempt of the enemy at formation, thereby preventing the slightest advance. The enemy were indeed in a precarious plight, unable either to advance or retreat, going into a trap made by themselves. This state of affairs lasted for quite a time, but we held the key to the situation and could afford to wait. This situation certainly existed as early as 5:40 A. M., as shown by a note from General Meade to General Burnside, see records, Vol. XL, page 140. General Burnside replies at 7:20, "I am doing all I can to push the troops forward and if possible we will carry the crest (beyond the Crater). It is hard work, but we hope to accomplish it." (See page 142.) Our interest in the battle centers in the battery which was deserted early in the day. Concerning this battery, General Johnson says, "One gun of Davidson's battery, commanded by Lieutenant Otey, occupying a position on our main line on the right of the Baxter road, admirably adapted to throw canister shot into the enemy's left flank, opened with

a few rounds and for some reason not explained to me, became silent and was deserted by the officials and men. The battery was, however, subsequently manned and officered by Wise's Brigade under instructions from Colonel Goode and did excellent service." (Page 789, War Records.)

General Johnson further adds in same report (page 792), "It is proper here to state that Captain Preston was wounded and Edward Bagby, aide-de-camp to Colonel Goode, commanding brigade, was killed while serving this gun and that Company K, Thirty-fourth Virginia Regiment then took charge of it and served it with fine effect until near the close of the action."

The above fully confirms Colonel Goode who, I am happy to say, is still living, in saying of Captain Preston, "That he and his men at the battery fought most gallantly until he was desperately wounded in the head, his skull broken by a fragment of shell. The fact was reported to me on the left of our line nearest the Crater. I went up to the battery and found Captain Preston unconscious and his company (C) badly cut up. Then I directed that your company (K) be detailed to relieve Captain Preston's. Then I passed to the extreme left, leaving my aide-de-camp, Edward Bagby, at the battery to report to me the progress of the work. Poor, brave, gallant fellow, he died there, one of the bravest and best men of the war."

I find in the "Confederate Veteran" of April, 1911, a most excellent article by Lieutenant W. P. Robinson,

of Danville, Va., who commanded a section of a battery on our right in the battle of the Crater, in which he gives an account of the death of Edward Bagby and speaks of him as "Captain Edward Bagby, aide-de-camp to Colonel Goode."

From the position I found his body, coupled with the meager evidence I could get and a knowledge of his true Spartan courage, I have always believed he had at one time worked that gun by himself, realizing its importance and his inability to get help. This belief is confirmed by the testimony of Samuel P. Ryland, a lad of fifteen years, and another member of Company K's brave privates who was acting as courier that day for Colonel Goode. He says, "I was passing the battery—Ned Bagby was loading the gun; he called to me to come and help him. I went and we loaded and fired that gun; I do not remember how many times." Like "Casabianca" of old, he held his post of duty "whence all others had fled, but the noblest thing that perished there was that young and faithful heart." When the battle had been raging for several hours, I received an order from Colonel Goode to go to Davidson's battery and gather up all the artillery men I could and work the guns. I went and all the artillery men I could find was one little fellow back in a magazine, and when ordered out, quickly and promptly replied that his business was to hand out the ammunition and would supply all I needed, but

could not leave his post of duty. I saw his "point" was well taken, so did not discuss the matter.

It was here under the breach of one of the guns I found the gasping form of my cousin, Edward Bagby, acting aide-de-camp to Colonel Goode, and was told by some one that he had been killed while working that gun, and others had also been killed or wounded. I raised his head and used his haversack as a pillow and hastened to report to Colonel Goode that I could find no artillery men. He then ordered me to take my company, impressing upon me the importance of the position. I soon found them where I had left them in line of battle and told them we had been ordered to a work of great danger, but I expected every man to do his full duty and without hesitation. They, led by that brave and chivalrous T. Newton Walker, spoke up and said, "Captain, we will follow where you lead." We double quicked to the battery. The first thing done was to care for the body of our comrade who had fallen at his post of duty. He was sent to Petersburg to the home of my brother Richard and prepared for transportation to Richmond next morning, where the body was met by his brother, Richard Hugh Bagby, who had been with us the day before on one of his missions of mercy, bringing us letters, provisions, etc., from our dear ones at home. The men were not long in getting to work and that with a seeming desire to avenge the death of our fallen comrade. With a picked crew of six men who cautiously worked that

one gun and the rest of the company keeping up almost a constant infantry fire to protect our cannoneers from the enemy's sharpshooters, we held the position and did the work, as General Johnson says, "with fine effect."

One thing more and my imperfect tribute to this noble hero will end. The question has frequently been asked me if Edward Bagby was engaged to be married. My impression is that he was. A letter came to him after his death from the young lady and returned to her unopened. The last time he talked to me about the young lady was in South Carolina in the early part of 1864, and then he led me to this impression. Poor girl, she died shortly after the war ended brokenhearted, and I doubt that anyone suffered more than she, but someone has appropriately said—

"Suffering is not in vain, it's sacrificial,
That which was hidden to the old world, or guessed,
Was revealed by the Cross of Calvary.
Suffering is not for nothing, it is accounted for.
It is registered and it wins blessings;
One soweth and another reapeth,
But both shall rejoice at the Harvest Day."

Why was this life, so rich in promise, thus early cut off? We cannot answer, but in Christian faith believe that death is not the end. Edward Bagby's place is vacant in the old company, but he answers the roll call up yonder. He lays down the weapons of carnal warfare, but new weapons are in his hands and in

wider spheres he fights against the principalities and powers of darkness.

The Chairman: We are particularly fortunate in having with us Colonel Goode, who was in charge of Wise's Brigade the day the battle of the Crater was fought. We are glad to see you, Colonel. You are among your own people, and, if you consent to make some remarks, we shall be pleased to hear from you.

Colonel Goode here gave an interesting description of the battle in which he and his men played so important a part, and paid a glowing tribute to the fidelity of Edward Bagby, his aide.

The Chairman: The name of a war-time Haynes suggests "a first-class fighting man." Captain William T. Haynes is present and we shall be glad to hear from him.

Captain Haynes responded in a brief but eloquent address.

The Chairman: In behalf of the general and local committees having charge of its erection, in behalf of the Bagby family, and in behalf of all those who have contributed to the fund, I now present this memorial to the care and keeping of this church and of this community.

Hon. Claggett B. Jones, Judge of the Thirteenth Virginia Circuit, appropriately responded on behalf of the community and of the church in whose burying-ground the monument had been erected, as follows:

Address of Hon. Claggett B. Jones

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As you already know, we come today, my friends, to honor the memory of a fallen hero, and in honoring his memory, we honor the cause in which he fell, and which is, or should be, dear to every Southern heart. After the lapse of nearly fifty years, the principles for which he fought and gave up his life are fast being recognized as just and right over the whole civilized world. As the conflict of arms, the bitterness of the strife, the terrible carnage, the humiliation of defeat after defeat by a force far inferior, in point of numbers, have been softened by time, the great healer, the more intelligent, broad and fairminded of our Northern fellow citizens, even are beginning to acknowledge the South's right of secession. As in the early dawn—after the loneliness and darkness of the night—the gray precedes the pink, the pink precedes the crimson, the crimson precedes and ushers in the mighty King and light of day—so let us hope that the darkness and gloom of the night of prejudice and injustice has gone, that the dawn is breaking, that the gray and pink and the crimson have already appeared and that ere long the full light of the truth and of the justice of the cause for which our heroes suffered, bled and died may break in all its force and power upon the minds of all men.

On the morning of the 30th day of July, 1864, the

death roll in Company K, Thirty-fourth Virginia Infantry, was again called, and the shrouded, who next? was again answered.

Shot and shell had snatched another victim from their midst, and the gallant Edward Bagby was no more. He yielded up his young life bravely—gloriously upon the field of battle.

“One moment on the battle’s edge he stood,
Hope’s halo like a helmet round his hair.
The next beheld him dabbled in his blood,
Prostrate in death, and yet in death how fair;
E’en thus he passed through the red gate of strife
From earthly crowns and palms to an immortal life.”

We come today to honor his memory and do reverence to his life and character. When your children ask their fathers, in time to come, saying, “What mean ye by this stone?” then ye shall answer them, “Behold this stone shall be a witness unto you” of the honor, the bravery, the valor, the heroism, the patriotism, the character of the man and those like him, whose name it bears. It means “that there are deeds which should not pass away, and names that must not wither.” It means that “they never fail who die in a great cause.”

Mr. Chairman, it gives me great pleasure, on behalf of this church, of which he was a consistent and loyal member, on behalf of the people of this community, and on behalf of this, his native county, to accept this monument to the memory of this, her distinguished and loyal son. We will care for it, we will point to it

with pleasure and pride as it stands in yonder lot a mute witness to high character and noble deeds.

Most of his friends and fellow patriots have "crossed over the river" and joined him "under the shade of the trees." A few of them are left, but one by one they are constantly leaving us and joining the great army on the other side. Remembering their hardships, their privations, their toils, their bravery, their fortitude, their chivalry—the cause for which they so willingly risked and gave up their lives—let us reverence their memories and do honor to their lives. It was a generation the like of which the world had never seen before and most likely will never see again.

"They fell devoted, but undying;
The very gale, their names seemed sighing.
Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain;
Their memory sparkled over the fountain:
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Roll'd mingling with their fame forever."

Mr. Chairman, we would draw some inspiration from this occasion to help us in the battles of life. Let us remember always that yet, but a little longer, we all, one by one, must follow our deceased hero to the silent Tabernacle of the dead, and can only live perpetually in the memory of our fellowmen by inspiring a sincere belief in our honesty of purpose, kindness of heart and justice of thought which was so characteristic of him.

May we remember that the logical mind, the elo-

quent voice, the magnetic personality of all of us, soon, aye sooner, than we are willing to believe, must sink to rest as we sleep the sleep preliminary to our admission to the Great Court of final resort above, not to plead, I hope, but to be rewarded, as I reverently trust, for the good deeds done, the kind words spoken and the life we have lived while prosecuting our various avocations here below.

The Chairman: The exercises will be concluded at the cemetery, where the prayer of dedication will be made by Rev. Dr. Alfred Bagby, of Richmond, to be followed by the singing of the hymn, "Shall We Gather at the River?"

After the prayer and the song, the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. James Long.

The inscription upon the substantial granite monument is as follows:

EDWARD BAGBY

Adj. 34th Va. A. N. V.

Killed at Petersburg July 30th, 1864

Strong of purpose, pure of soul, an earnest Christian, he volunteered for a perilous service and fell at his post.

On the reverse side the parents' names are thus memorialized:

JOHN BAGBY

Christian merchant, patriotic citizen, friend of
education.

HIS NOBLE WIVES

ELIZABETH COURTNEY

ELIZABETH LUMPKIN

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